

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXIII.—No. 14. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

MARCH 15, 1908.



CALLING THE FERRYMAN — D. R. KNIGHT.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY ALICE GAY JUDD.

THERE's a hint of spring in the east wind's blowing,
And the pussy-willows are peeping out;

There's joyous strength in the tree sap's flowing,
And signs of spring are all about.

The snow on the southern slopes is melting,
And the little brook is no longer dumb;
Even the blue jays are hoarsely lilting
That spring has come, that spring has come.

Mother Earth's bosom is filled with rejoicing,
And the tiniest life has lent its ear
To the glad refrain all nature is voicing,
Winter is over and spring is here.

The only cure for grief is action. G. H. LEWES.

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate little else than the changeableness of the weather. HARE.

BABY'S GOT A TOOTH.

Oh, oh! The baby's got a tooth,
A brand new, shining one!
He points to it as if to say,
"Just see what I have done!"

Come put your finger in his mouth,
It pricks sharp as a pin!
I really think we ought to go
And call the neighbors in.

And let them see the pretty tooth,
How like a pearl it gleams;
See, when he smiles, like flash of light
Its shining whiteness gleams.

Now bread and meat he soon can eat,
And then he'll grow so fast,
He soon will be a big, big boy
And baby days be past.

Lilla T. Elder, from "Lilacs in the Wood."

For Every Other Sunday.

TROPICAL NOVELTIES.

BY MARION C. CUTLER.

"NOW, children," said Aunt Alice, "you've raced and romped all day, and are so tired that you are cross. No more playing to-night."

"Oh," cried Amy, "I told Dorothy Douglass we'd play jump-the-rope after supper."

"And," interrupted her brother, "I told Ned Williams I'd play duck-on-the-rock with him, as soon as supper was over."

"I am sorry, children, but I insist on your staying in. Your mother is very tired. Let's try and help by keeping quiet and so not worry her. I'll tell you what we'll do. Bring your chairs out on the piazza as soon as tea is over, and I will tell you about some things I saw a little while ago."

"O Aunt Alice," asked Tyler, "will it be about Mexico?"

"Yes, dear."

"A whole lot?" questioned Amy.

"Well, some to-night and some more another time."

In the early twilight the children gathered about their favorite relative.

"Dorothy Douglass," said Amy, mournfully, "will be awfully disappointed not to skip rope, and Ned Williams won't like it if Tyler doesn't go as he said he would."

"I know what I'll do," ventured Tyler. "If you will wait a few minutes, Aunt Alice, I'll run and get Ned; for I promised to meet him to-night. And say, Amy, I'll get Dorothy, if you want me to. Have to go right by her house."

"Well, do, Tyler. That will be nice. Aunt Alice knows best, I suppose. You won't be long, will you?"

In a brief space a happy group were ready listeners. "Of course, children," Aunt Alice began, "you have heard that we went to Mexico by boat, for that seemed to our party the most agreeable way to travel. The Mexicans live in a beautiful country, with soft, tropical air, deep blue skies, and magnificent flowers. We saw all kinds of people, the most of whom were very gracious and polite, and little children are trained to be extremely courteous."

"Say, Ned," piped Tyler, "did you know Aunt Alice met the president of Mexico—President Diaz? He has been president a great

many years, serving longer than any of our presidents. And," continued Tyler, "she saw Indians and cave-dwellers."

"Oh, my! really?" asked Ned, with eyes wide open.

"Yes, and she's got a beautiful girdle that a Huichol gave her."

"What's a Huichol?"

"She was an Indian woman, and the girdle is beautifully woven and has for a design a double representation of the flower *piriki*. She has, too, a pouch, the design being the flower *toto*."

"Aunt Alice brought home a great many curious things," added Amy. "May I get the double water-gourd," she asked, "and show it to Dorothy and Ned?"

"Yes, indeed," assented the aunt.

"How odd!" exclaimed Dorothy, as Amy returned to where they were sitting holding the treasure carefully. "What do they do with them?"

"They are for carrying water," Mrs. Edwards explained. "Oftentimes the water is very scant and poor, being especially limy, and these gourds are used for carrying water from the city *pilas*. There are two kinds of gourds—single and double. The double ones are an abnormal growth of the ordinary gourd. It is provided with a stopper, sometimes consisting simply of a corn-cob, and it is carried by a string tied around the middle."

"My aunt," Tyler again informed his friends, "has two of the funniest combs you ever saw. One looks like a small whisk-broom and is made from the fibre of the century plant. The twine around the handle is tied so that it looks like a butterfly. The other—well, you can't guess what the other one is,—an ordinary pine cone!"

"No, really?" questioned Dorothy.

"It's true," laughed the aunt, "that's just what they use. I will tell you of one item more," she said, "and then we must bid each other good-night. Did you know that the first printing-press in the western hemisphere was set up in Mexico in 1536, and very soon the first book in America was printed? That same press also printed the first music, a beautiful psalter in red and black, full of engravings and illuminated initials."

"Now, my dears," said Aunt Alice, rising, "good-night. Come over again soon, and I will tell you some more."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Edwards, we have had such a pleasant time!"

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW WILLIE WAS KEPT AT HOME.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCH.

WILLIE BUTLER would run away, although there was a nice yard around his house, and he could have little friends to play in it with him.

Neighbors who sat at their windows would often see this little boy, dressed in a Buster Brown suit, steal out of the Butler's gate, and then, if no one called "Willie, come back, Willie!" run, just as fast as his short legs would carry him, across the street and round the corner, out of sight.

Then patient sister Dolly would have to leave her story-book or her dolls and look around the neighborhood until she found him.

"O Mrs. Brown!" she would cry, if she saw that lady at the window, "have you seen Willie?"

"Why, no, dear," perhaps Mrs. Brown would reply. "I've only just sat down here. Ask Grandma Pool. She's been at her window for some time."

"O grandma!" Dolly then would call, "have you seen our Willie? We can't find him anywhere, and mamma is so anxious."

"Yes, dearie," grandma would reply kindly, for every one loved Dolly, "I saw the little rascal run across the street and round the corner. I guess you'll find him at the Brownings."

And Dolly would hurry away, perhaps to one or two places before finding him, while all the time mamma would be at home worrying and worrying, afraid her dear little boy had been run over by a horse, or had strayed so far away that he could not find his way back. By-and-by Dolly would be seen bringing naughty Willie home and having rather a hard time of it; for the little boy would hang back, dragging at her hand, so that she had to pull him along.

The kind-hearted neighbors, Auntie Brown and Grandma Pool, would lean from their windows to call, "You found him, I see! I'm so glad!" But Mrs. Grimes across the street, who did not care for children, would shake her head and say: "That child ought to be broke of running away. If he was mine he should have a good, hard whipping!"

Willie's mother, however, fortunately for him, did not believe in whipping her children unless absolutely obliged to do so, and tried every other means of punishment to cure the little boy of this bad habit which gave her so much anxiety and might bring him into serious danger.

Sometimes she undressed him and put him to bed in the middle of the day; or she made him go without cake and pudding, of which he was very fond, or he wouldn't be allowed to go to ride with his father. But these punishments were in vain. He would steal away, worrying his dear mother and good sister Dolly.

One day when Dolly had just brought him home after an unusually hard time in finding him, his mother said, "What shall I do, Willie, to keep you in the yard?"

"I don't know," said Willie.

"Neither do I," returned his mother. "I've tried and tried to think of a way. It's no use tying you, for you always find some one to unfasten the cord. I think I shall have to send you away to live with the egg man, for you don't seem to love mamma well enough to stay with her."

"Oh, I do love you, mamma! Don't want to go with the egg man! Let me kiss you, mamma!" cried Willie, the tears gathering in his eyes.

This was the way Willie always wanted to make up, and usually his mother returned his loving hug and kiss, and forgave him. But this day he had been so long away that after kissing him, she said:

"It's all very well for you to hug and kiss me, Willie, but you don't mind me about staying in the yard, and I must cure you of running away. Now, the next time you go out of the yard when I tell you not to, I shall put one of sister's dresses on you and see if that will keep you home."

"Don't want to wear girl's clothes," pouted Willie.

"No, I don't suppose you do," said his mother. "But you will have to if you don't stop running away."

For nearly a week after this talk Willie stayed close at home, and his mother began to hope. But one day he got tired of his own yard and thought he'd like to go to the South Common and see the big boys play ball.

When he got to the gate he remembered about the dress, and stopped. Then he said to himself: "Puh! she won't make me wear it. I'm a boy!" and off he darted.

Pretty soon his mother looked out of the

window and missed him. "Willie! Willie!" she called, but no answer came to her ears.

Then she said to Dolly, "I'm sorry, but Willie's gone again, and I shall have to ask you to look for him."

Dolly had taken everything out of her playhouse, and was just ready to put the furniture back in a new way. She did not like to leave it, but said nothing, and started out obediently.

"Are you looking for Willie?" called Grandma Pool, from her window. "I saw him going up that way a little while ago."

Dolly ran off with a white face. "That way," pointed out by grandma, led to the railroad crossing. "Suppose, just suppose,"—thought Dolly, "if dear little Willie should"—

But she soon met a boy who told her that Willie was on the South Common watching the ball-game, and there she found the culprit.

When she got him home mamma was at the door, and said, taking him by the hand, "Come in, I have the dress all ready."

"What dress?" asked Willie, although he knew very well what was meant.

"The dress I told you I should make you wear if you ran away again," answered his mother.

"Don't want to wear it," cried Willie, trying to escape from his mother's hand.

But she managed, in spite of his squirming, to take off his blouse and replace it with a hateful dress of blue gingham.

"There," she said, "you will have to wear this until you can promise not to run away again."

"I can promise now," said Willie.

"Oh, no," said his mother, "it's too soon. After you have worn the dress a few days we can tell better about it."

For a day Willie did not venture outside of the door, he was so ashamed of the dress. It seemed as if everything happened that day. His father went for a long drive, his aunt took Dolly out for ice-cream, a neighbor wanted him to go with her children on a picnic. His mother would not let him have his own clothes, although he teased her with hugs and kisses, as well as words, and of course he couldn't go in a dress.

Gradually he crept out of the door and played at the foot of the steps, but the boys who went by called him "Sissy," so he was not happy, and kept running into the house to hide.

Grandma Pool from her window peered at him over her spectacles, and called to Mrs. Brown:

"What little girl is that playing in the But-ler's yard the last day or two? I can't make out. Have they got company?"

"Oh, no," laughed Mrs. Brown, "that's only our little runaway Willie. His mother's trying to make him stay at home by putting a dress on him. I was just like you,—couldn't make out who it was; but my Mabel, she saw him when she come by there on her way from school and told me. She had her kodak with her and took his picture, he looked so funny. He's awful mad to have to wear a dress, but I guess 'twill keep him at home for one while!"

And it did.

For Every Other Sunday.

ROBBIE'S VISIT TO GRANDPA'S FARM.

BY ANNA M. YOUNG.

ROBBIE GREY'S grandparents lived on quite a large farm, about sixty miles from the city of New York, Robbie's home; and every summer he and his mother visited them. Of course this visit was a source of great delight to Robbie; for the other eleven

months of the year he spent in the crowded streets of the city, with no glimpses of green trees or fields, and with no animals to be seen except horses and dogs.

Early in the month of July Mrs. Grey told Robbie one Tuesday night that they were going to grandpa's the next Thursday, and that he must be a good boy and give her no trouble, as she was very busy preparing their clothing and packing trunks. Robbie was delighted, as most boys of seven or eight years are likely to be, with the prospect of a long car-ride, a steamboat ride, and, what he liked best of all, a ride in Grandpa Grey's two-seated carriage, and the privilege of driving the pretty black horse.

Wednesday Robbie helped, or thought he helped, mamma pack their trunks, bringing his bat and ball, football, sailor suit, new fishing-rod and kite, and various presents for uncles, aunts, and cousins; and the last thing he said, when his mamma kissed him good-night, was "Mamma, don't forget my—my new-boat," and was fast asleep before mamma could reply.

Thursday morning dawned clear and bright, and Robbie was up with the sun and ready to start before breakfast; but his mamma was not, so he had to wait for her, for, as he expressed it, "Women never was ready and always made men wait for 'em." But they were off at last and reached grandpa's home about three o'clock that afternoon with no accidents except Robbie's losing his hat over-board while on the steamer.

There was so much to be seen in the house, and so much to tell about his city home and his journey, that Robbie did not go out much that day; but the next morning he was out of doors "helping" do the morning's work when his mother came to see where he was. What a time Robbie had that day! First, the hens and chickens had to be fed and he had a part in that; and there were other queer-looking fowl that he did not like very well, for they stretched out their long necks and hissed at him. Grandpa told him they were geese. Then the pigs and sheep and horses all claimed his attention in turn. But what he liked best of all was driving the cows to pasture. While on his way down the lane he discovered a brook and said to himself, "Here is a chance to try my new fishing-rod." So a little later, when mamma was not looking, he slipped out of the back door, and in a few moments was seated on a bank that projected out over the brook,—which he thought was a good place.

He sat there about an hour and did not get a single bite, when suddenly he saw a large speckled trout coming up stream, who stopped and said, "Guess you don't know much about fishing, for you have no bait on your hook!" Robbie was very much surprised to think that a fish could talk, but he managed to answer, and they held quite a conversation, when—splash! the next thing Robbie knew he was sitting in the water rubbing his eyes, and wondering whether he had been asleep or not. As the water was not very deep he soon scrambled out and ran up to the house, got a suit of dry clothes, some dinner, a gentle scolding from mamma, and felt better.

At night he helped the men do the work, driving home the cows, watering horses, etc., and it was a very tired little fellow that mamma put to bed; but he said, "Mamma, I just love to be in the country."

And he proved that he did like it during the four weeks of his stay there; and, when he returned to his city home, it was with a good coat of tan and freckles and the general appearance of a healthy country boy.

THE BELL OF THE ANGELS.

It is said, somewhere, at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
And a man may listen and harken
To the wondrous music that rings,

If he put from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartache, and weary longing
That throb in the pulses of life;

If he thrust from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.

Let us look in our hearts, and question
Can purer thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?

So, then, let us ponder a little,
Let us look in our hearts, and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Can ring for you and me.

Our Dumb Animals.

For Every Other Sunday.

BABY SUNSHINE.

BY OLIVE RUSSELL CHAPIN.

ONE bleak November day a pretty young mother, carrying a little girl in her arms, entered a crowded street car. The child was about two years old. She was dressed all in bright red,—bonnet, coat, shoes, and little red mittens. She sat very quietly in her mother's lap, studying the faces of the grown people who filled the car.

They were not the pleasantest faces to study, for all wore sad or sour or cross expressions. It was such a cold, dark, lowering day. All the faces in the car, except those of the baby and her mother, were as clouded as the sky above. The people even looked sulkily at each other. The conductor was gruff and disobliging.

But little Red Riding Hood gazed trustfully into each solemn, stupid, wooden countenance with a friendly, earnest expression. Sometimes her glance wandered to the windows, with the houses outside in the street frowning at the black clouds, just as the people inside were frowning at them. Sometimes her eyes had a quaint, mysterious look, as if she were just remembering something pleasant or funny which the fairies had told her.

Suddenly the car stopped. Little Red Riding Hood's mamma gathered her up and passed out with the baby leaning over her shoulder. Just as they were leaving the car the baby waved a little red-mittened hand and called out cheerfully, "Good-bye!" It was such a friendly farewell. Everybody smiled and nodded. It was as if an unexpected ray of sunshine had suddenly penetrated the heavy, sordid gloom.

Nearly everybody spoke. Some said, "What a nice baby!" Several girls cried out, "Wasn't she cute?" All at once everybody felt cheerful. The conductor stopped his car longer than usual, so that he could assist the nice little mother and baby to the ground. But nobody minded the delay. Everybody watched them kindly. Everybody wished he could be the conductor just then.

I think the sun, sulking behind the clouds, must have felt ashamed of himself at that moment to have a little bit of a baby doing his work for him, don't you?

He is the truly courageous man who never desponds.
CONFUCIUS.

PUSSY-WILLOWS.

A GROUP of shining brown buds, on a leafless tree,
Sway, little brown buds, sway.
Do not heed the north wind nor the teasing breeze,—
They will pass with dying day.

A myriad of white heads peeping from the buds,
Peep, little white heads, peep.
A gentle rain is falling,—open wide your hearts,
And forth from your cradles creep.

The willow-trees all glisten, with dancing pussies gay—
Yes, little pussies—glisten.
The world begins to sparkle with the glow of early spring,—
To the music of her voice, dears, listen.

A million little pussies in coats of silver fur,
Up in the branches swinging.
The naughty sun is peeping,—ah! now he stole a kiss,
And the pussy-willows all are singing.

Recreation.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW TAD WENT SOMEWHERE.

BY MADELEINE SCOTT.

TAD BROWN sat on the curbstone, his feet in the gutter. He liked to sit there, there were so many people coming and going along the dirty street. Tad wondered where they all came from and what would become of them. If he only dared ask! But who would talk to a ragged little street boy? "Clear out!" would be his answer, well he knew. How he wished he, too, could go to see the world!

Not that Tad grieved much. He had never lived on any other street, nor known any other home than the dingy garret room where the Brown family lived.

In summer the room was hot, and in winter it was cold, and never was it other than dirty and crowded and dull. His mother was there, and that made a difference, of course. But she was poor and sick and discouraged, not at all the cheery mother found in many homes.

One thing was there that Tad liked well,—a picture on the wall, a colored print from a newspaper. There were horses with heads tossed back, running as fast as they could; a man in a carriage was driving; and a little boy sat close beside, all going somewhere. Where could it be? Tad often wondered; and how he wished he were that small boy!

But one day something wonderful happened. Tad sat on the curbstone, as usual, dangling his feet and watching the passers-by. Suddenly he heard a puffing and snorting and tooting,—a great red automobile passing by. But no—it stopped! A man jumped out, and disappeared in a near-by house. The auto waited, and in it a man in clothes as queer as a story-book, and with ugly goggles over his eyes.

Tad's eyes were as big as the goggles. A carriage ride without horses, could anything be more strange?

"Hello, captain!" said the man in goggles presently. He was looking at Tad. But Tad made no answer. He was too busy just then, there was so much to see.

"What do you think of it, captain?" asked the ugly-looking man, in a pleasant voice.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

"Great!" was all Tad said.
"Jump in. Let's take a spin."
Could Tad's ears be true?

"Jump!" repeated the man. And Tad did jump, and off they went, Tad wondering all the time and happier than he had ever been in all his life before. They left the dirty streets, and took a broad, smooth road. They saw grand houses with lawns in front and flowers of beautiful colors. They caught a glimpse of a river and woods, and then the way led through tall trees and clean green grass. There were seats there, and children playing. The man called it a "park."

They were not long gone; but how much they saw! The man who had disappeared was waiting impatiently on the curbstone. He looked in surprise at ragged, dirty Tad.

But Tad did not notice. He was far too happy. He would dream of this nights and in the day-time, too; and perhaps—who can tell?—when he grows to be a man, he may make himself an auto, and ride in it with small boys always.

It was Goethe who let out a secret of the craft by acknowledging that modern poets mix too much water in their ink.
J. G. SAXE.

THINKING FOR TWO.

THERE are some girls and boys who go through life depending on others.

They always expect to be waked in the morning. They take it for granted that somebody will remind them to take back their library book when it is due, to write grandmother's birthday letter, and water the plants and feed the canary which is their special care; and it never seems to occur to them that, though not using thought for themselves, they make it necessary for some one to think for two.—*Young Evangelist.*

For Every Other Sunday.

A CUNNING LITTLE CAPTIVE.

BY ROBERT WARD.

"TELL us another story, uncle," said Edward to his uncle Robert one evening.

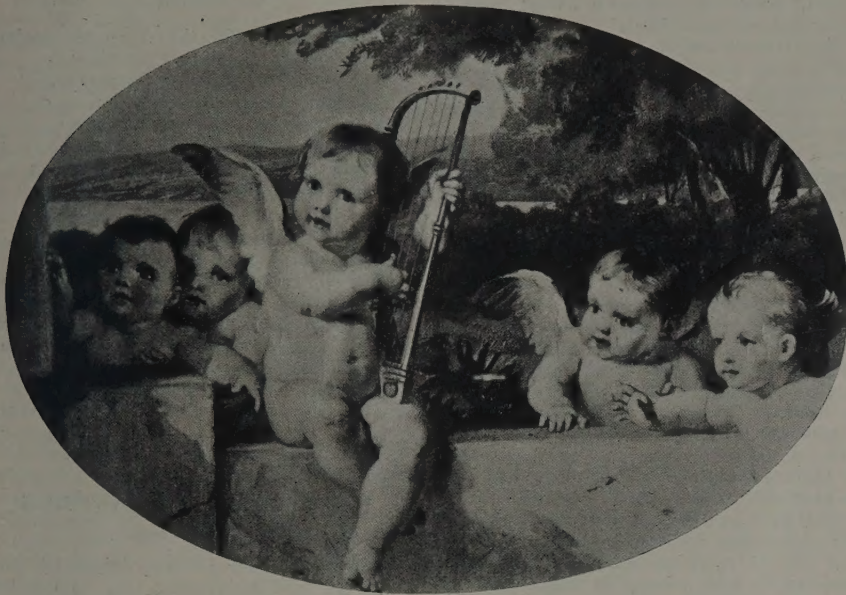
"Yes, do," echoed his little sister Gladys. "I like to hear about what happened when you were a boy in the country."

"Well, children, shall I tell you about bears or rabbits or prairie chickens or foxes or coyotes or 'possums?" From time to time Uncle Robert had lived in different States where he had known all these.

"Tell us a story about the cunningest wild animal you ever knew," said Edward.

"Well, one morning in the early spring a little boy went out into his father's orchard. The snow was nearly gone from the shady patches of the pastures, and the ground was still a little soft. As he walked along between the great apple-trees, he heard a peculiar sound, and, looking down, he saw a furry little object gazing up at him, and giving the funniest little barks: 'Hwah! hwah! hwah! hwah! hwah! hwah!' The furry little fellow, with his bushy tail, looked up at the boy without any fear and as if the boy might be able to do something for him. This was no tame animal. It wasn't a little pig or kitten or puppy. Its tail was too bushy for a woodchuck. Such a creature Robin had never seen on all of his father's hundred and seventy acres of pasture and meadows and woods. What could be the name of the little barker?

"Robin was shy to touch Master Barker, for he might bite his fingers hard. He had reason to know what a mouse or rat would do when caught; but he felt that he must find out what he was, and Barker certainly looked harmless, whatever his teeth might do. He was not hard to catch, and Robin soon had him



GROUP OF CHERUBS — H. LAUENSTEIN.

LITTLE MAYFLOWER.

SOFTLY, snugly nestled in a bed of velvet moss,
Tucked in close and warm 'neath a covering of
brown.
Where the changing light dances carelessly across
Heaps of autumn leaves that have blown and
drifted down,
Lies the little mayflower sweetly dreaming
That the dewdrops in the sunlight gleaming
Make for her a many-jewelled crown.

Clad in robes of green broidered deep with pink
and white,
Comes the joyous spring to awake the flowers
with singing;
And the happy birds, their hearts with gladness
light,
Send their notes of welcome through the merry
woodland ringing;
And the little mayflower wakes from dreaming
That the dewdrops in the sunlight gleaming
Make for her a many-jewelled crown.

Nearer comes the call, clearer sounds the wel-
come song,
Carol answers carol through all the happy
place;
Brown quilt thrown aside, eager now to join the
thrang,
Coyly lifting up a smiling, blushing face,
Little mayflower stands, no longer dreaming,
And the dewdrops in the sunlight gleaming
Make for her a many-jewelled crown.

EVA M. PALMER.

For Every Other Sunday.

A GENTLEMAN.

BY FRANK E. CHANNON.

A T flood tide the Thames runs strongly
between Putney and Hammersmith
Bridges. It takes a strong man to pull
a skiff against the race. Place a trained 'var-
sity eight in their racing shell, and it will take
them four minutes longer to gain Mortlake on
the flood than it will on the ebb. That gives
some idea of the great strength of the current.
The towing path follows the river closely on
the Surrey side, and along it, almost any time,
pedestrians may be seen taking exercise or
enjoying their "constitutional." The eights,
fours, and pairs of the London, Thames, and
other rowing clubs shoot along the broad reaches
of the river, and small boys in all kinds of boats
struggle and splash about.

The "penny" steamers move smoothly and
swiftly from landing stage to landing stage,
and snorting, puffing little tugs drag their long
burden of coal-laden barges in endless pro-
cession behind them. Business and pleasure,
the coster and the "gentleman," all mingle
together in picturesque medley. On Saturday
afternoons the business crowd is less, but the
pleasure mob is greater.

On a certain week-end afternoon, a short time
ago, two lads of about twelve years of age might
have been noticed in a single-scuil outrigger.
Their shell was headed towards Hammersmith
Bridge, but despite the almost desperate efforts
of the lad at the sculls, and the encouraging
cheering voice and gestures of his companion
at the lines, their boat was making practically
no progress against the tide. In vain the little
fellow dug his blades in, and feathered them
back in the most approved style, the shell re-
mained almost stationary. The form was there,
but not "the beef," as an old waterman ob-
served, as he watched the struggling boys.

The youngsters were game to the core, and
refused to give up the struggle, although it

in his arms. Climbing over the zigzag rail
fence, he hurried down the road into the house,
and put down the little animal on the floor for
his mother and sisters to see. They didn't
know what he was, either. But they immedi-
ately thought he must be hungry, and brought
him a saucer of milk. He wouldn't touch this;
but, when they offered him a piece of raw meat,
he ate it as fast as he could, and looked a
'Thank you' out of his bright eyes. How
strange it seemed to Barker here on the painted
floor! There stood the big kitchen stove; there
were the pump and the wash-bench and the big
wood-box. He did not know surely whether
these big two-legged animals were really his
friends or not. So he tried to hide behind the
wood-box, but it was too tight against the wall
for that; and, when he heard Robin's sister
Anna test the pump and shake the handle up
and down to draw a pail of water, Barker said,
'Whah! whah! whah! whah!' again. What
do you suppose he was trying to say? You
don't know, children? Well, I think he said:
'Where am I? I want my mamma.'

"When the children's father came home from
work, all the children ran up to him and told
him that Robin had found the cunningest little
animal out in the orchard that morning. 'And
what is it?' asked the father. 'We have been
trying to guess. Maybe it is a little wolf.'

"We don't have wolves on the farm any
more, I am glad to say,' said the father. 'Why,
children, that little barking fellow is a fox.'

"Can we keep him and tame him?" asked
Robert.

"Yes, if you can teach him to grow up and
leave the chickens alone; for foxes like to eat
chickens.' The children promised to try.

"They named the little fellow Dick, and he
would come when his name was called. He
made friends with the cat, and from her he
learned to drink milk and to mew! It was hard
for the children to tell which was calling, the
fox or the cat. They all came to love jolly Dick.

"One day Robin's father saw Dick chasing
the chickens, and for that reason he fastened
him so that he could run only the length of a
sixteen-foot wire.

"Dick Barker's cunning was his downfall.

Even in this short run he found a way to show
that he was a real fox, and what do you sup-
pose? The foolish chickens would go wander-
ing along out there beyond the woodshed where
he was fastened. Spring! Snap! chicken
was caught, and master fox was happy in his
feast. Robin's father did not like that kind of
a feast. He wanted the chickens to lay eggs or
to make a Sunday dinner for the family. So
he said, 'If Dick doesn't quit catching chickens,
he will have to be disposed of.'

"Try him once more,' pleaded Robin. 'I'll
try to keep the chickens away.' But Robin
did not find time to watch every minute. So
Dick was found again with a foolish chicken.
He looked a little sorry to be caught; but the
chicken tasted so good! Then father put his
foot down. Dick must go."

"Oh, uncle, he didn't kill Dick, did he,"
asked Gladys:

"No. He gave Fokie to a neighbor for help-
ing wash the flock of sheep in the creek. Robin
and his sisters were sorry, I can tell you, to lose
their frisky playmate, and the girls cried hard."

"What became of him?" asked Edward.

"He was sold to a man who ran a little circus,
and he then had to take his training with the
bears and rabbits and white mice and the rest.

"One day the children's father took them all
to the village far away over a high hill, and there
they came upon the little circus, and Dick was
one of a 'happy family' with chickens all around
him.

"O papa," cried the children. 'Here is
Dick, and there are chickens right with him
in that cage.' Robin and the girls danced with
delight to see their old friend again.

"Children," said their father. 'If we could
have made Dick leave chickens alone, you
might have had him yet.'

"I have got him chicken-broke, you see,"
said the circus man.

"How did you do it?" asked the father.

"Oh, that is the secret of the trade," the
circus man replied.

"The children said 'good-bye' to Dick, and
went home, glad that they had once had him
as a playmate, even if the circus man must keep
him now."

was plain to all who noticed them that they were engaged in a hopeless battle. They were Eton boys, down to town for the week-end to visit their "people," and were out for an afternoon's enjoyment on the river.

The gallant little sculler kicked his stretcher, and lay down to his work with indomitable pluck, his companion nobly seconding his efforts by trying to discover the "softest place" for him. Still the big lamp on the top of the concrete wall back of the towing path refused to be left behind. The two boys had eyed that as a land-mark by which they could note the success of their efforts, and every now and again the worker at the sculls glanced up, hoping he had left it astern. It utterly refused to be distanced. Their boat was practically at a standstill.

The sculler stopped and looked up ruefully. "I can't make it," he confessed to his companion, panting like a little steam engine. "What will we do?" questioned the other. "We can't get out and carry her up. Here, pull in and let me take a turn!"

"What's the good? You can't pull as strong as I can."

They sat gazing blankly at each other, their shell meanwhile drifting rapidly back.

In the midst of their dilemma a cheery voice hailed them from the towing path,

"Hey, row in here, boys. I'll pull you both up!"

They turned towards the sound. A square-shouldered, well-built man, in a brown "bowler" (derby) hat and a dark check suit, was beckoning them. His face was ruddy and bearded, and his merry gray eyes, twinkling with suppressed merriment, looked kindly at them.

The two boys hesitated. Was he poking fun at them? Their sturdy, school-boy independence urged them, "Don't give up: stick to it." Their tired arms and body cried out, "We can't pull another stroke: we're played out!"

The little sculler shouted, "Thank you, we're much obliged, but we can make it," and, leaning over, he pulled once more, valiantly, but vainly endeavoring to make up the lost water. It was hopeless; the shell was actually going back, instead of forward.

Again came the kindly voice, "Come on: row in to the bank, and let me lend a hand."

"Shall we?" questioned the rower of his coxswain.

"Guess we'd better," admitted the other, reluctantly, in the tones of a captain ordering his flag to be struck.

Next moment the little shell was shooting in for the bank.

The stranger caught her prow skilfully, and eased her in. Then, stepping carefully aboard, said,

"If you will move up and take the lines with your friend, I'll row."

The change was effected without a word. Both boys felt too humiliated to speak. It was as if they had surrendered their ship, and the victor was taking command of her.

The visitor evidently felt their position, for he hastened to put them at their ease by saying: "The tide is running very strong this afternoon. It is no wonder you could make no headway. It will be all I can do to pull you up."

He took hold of the sculls like a man who understood them, and in a few moments the shell was travelling along at a fine pace, the two boys looking enviously at him from the stern.

His clothes were clean and neat, his eyes were bright and steady, his cheeks flamed with robust health.

"Wonder who he is?" both boys were thinking to themselves. "Don't believe he's a 'gentleman,' he don't work for a living; must be a tradesman of some kind."

"Gentleman" or not, he behaved like one, and he knew how to row. The little shell was fairly hissing her way along in the teeth of the fast-running tide, and in a very short time Hammersmith Bridge was reached. The boat darted in. The friend-in-need shipped his sculls smartly, and sprang ashore, making the shell fast to the landing. Then he extended his hand and assisted the two boys out with the manner of a Chesterfield.

"Here we are all right," he remarked pleasantly.

"Thank you," exclaimed both lads. Then they whispered together in some embarrassment for a second. One of them nodded, and said, "I think we had better." The other put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a shilling. He handed it towards their helper, with a "Thank you, we are much obliged to you."

The merry eyes of the man twinkled again, and his face broadened into a smile, as he waved the proffered tip away.

"Oh, no, thank you, I don't want that. I only pulled you up because I saw you were tired out. I must be returning again now. Good-bye." And, bowing to them both, he left them standing rather aghast.

"Funny he wouldn't take it. I should have thought he would," said one.

"Wonder who he was," mused the other, a perplexed look coming into his face.

Just then a bystander stepped up.

"Do you know who that was?" he questioned.

"No," exclaimed both the lads together.

"Who?"

"That was Mr. John Burns, president of the local government board and a member of His Majesty's Cabinet!"

The two boys had fallen in with the great labor leader, and with the big heart he has he had been helping them out of their difficulty, and they had offered him a shilling as a recompense.

It was two rather badly taken-down boys who wended their way west to their Bayswater home that afternoon.

"But how were we to know he was a 'gentleman'?" they complained.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

THE weathercock sits on the top of the steeple,
Ever and ever so high,

Much taller than children and taller than people,
Stretching his neck to the sky.

And what does he care for the storm and the snowing?

Flapping his pretty gold wings,
He cheerily turns to the tune of the blowing,

Gayly he preens him and swings.

He peeps in the nests where the wee birds are crying,
Chats with the old belfry bat,

Goes peering to see where the red kite is flying,
Laughs when the breeze takes my hat.

Some day I believe I shall climb up the stairway
Far to the steeple and see

If he will change places with me for an hour:
I would a weathercock be.

Oh, think of the fun to stay out in the weather,
Never a roof-tree or lock,

Just little me and the wind there together,
High—like the old weathercock!

Carolyn S. Bailey, in *Kindergarten Review*.

MARCH.

MARCH! March! March! They are coming
In troops to the tune of the wind;
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested thrushes behind;
Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with crimson caps stopping
Just where they stopped years before.

March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle-sound;
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Up, blades of grass, from your pillow!
Hear who is calling you,—March!
LUCY LARCOM.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOME GYMNASTICS FOR GIRLS.

BY MILDRED NORMAN.

"WHAT have you been doing with yourself this summer, Flo? You look as fresh as a new-blown rose."

"I have been taking a course in gymnastics."

"Prof. Emerson's physical culture? I know you think there is nothing superior to that."

"No, not Prof. Emerson's, though I got my idea from him. This course I arranged myself; and it has been the most enjoyable experience."

"Do tell me about it."

"My bright idea came the way all our wisest ideas come,—by meditation on the subject I was interested in. I love to see straight, well-formed, graceful men and women. I always feel sorry when I see the other kind. They tell us so plainly that they do not enjoy the delights of the freedom of motion, which makes up a large share of your enjoyment of this life, as we all move about a good part of the time. It makes all the difference whether you feel buoyant, firm-chested, light-footed, and find using your hands, feet, and head a pleasure, or whether you move heavily, lifting one foot after the other as if it was a piece of lead, or whether every motion is painful, as is the case with stiff joints. To drag one's self around and to find every weight a burden,—what a life!

"I am in love with gymnastics because I notice the freedom of motion they confer and the symmetrical development. When I see farmers, gardeners, and housekeepers at work, I think, Now they go through all the exercises in the physical culture course: why is it they are heavy-footed, round-shouldered, stiff-jointed, and prematurely old? The longer we practise physical culture, the better condition we are in. The longer the farmers and housekeepers practise, the worse off they are.

"Now, when a person does one kind of work all the time, we see that he is exercised too much in certain ways and not enough in others; but the farmers and housekeepers have an all-round exercise every day. I thought about this some time; and at last it dawned in my mind that the farmers and housekeepers have too much of a good thing, while the physical culture pupils exercise just enough for health and the flexibility of their muscles. Just think of going into a gymnasium and exercising all day."

"Dreadful! When the progressive people have illustrated sufficiently that it is not necessary to work more than half a day or less, the rest of mankind will take it up, and then we shall perhaps have no overworked people, men or women. But what has that to do with the case in hand?"

"Oh, one thing leads to another. You will observe that I have made one point,—that housework and outdoor work puts the body through the same motions as physical culture.

"Now for the second point. I spent part of the summer with Aunt Marion. She and the two girls take care of the indoors, and Uncle Ruben and Cousin Ben take care of the outdoors. I soon discovered that they rushed through each day as fast as they could to get through with their work so they could enjoy themselves. They declared they were so tired when they had finished that they did not feel like doing anything. If I stood at the porch door in the morning and said, 'Just hear that linnet!' Aunt Marion would say hurriedly, as she whisked by with a broom or a mixing-bowl in her hands, 'Yes, yes; but I do not have any time to listen to birds,' with an anxious look towards the girls as if she feared my words would cause them to pause in their work. The girls would glance at me enviously, and declared housework was nothing but drudgery, and there was no chance to enjoy anything.

"God made this great, glorious world for us to enjoy," I said; 'and it's a sin not to do it.'

"We might if we had hired help," said Aunt Marion.

"But the hired help ought to enjoy it, too," I said.

"I do not see how that could be done," said Aunt Marion, coming out of the pantry to take a look at me. She knew I had some kind of a scheme in my head.

"We might begin in the morning and enjoy everything around us each day," I ventured next.

"The work would never be finished," said Aunt Marion.

"Let us try it," said I. 'I am the only guest, and I will not complain if it is a failure. I will help, too. That is co-operation.'

"No, that would not be right," said Aunt Marion. 'You co-operate by paying a good price for your board.'

"But I wish to keep up with my gymnastics," I said; 'and it will be much more delightful to do it in the way you do than standing up and going through motions. Housework is splendid physical culture if you only manage it right.'

"So we began. The first thing in the morning we listened to the birds and the rustling leaves stirred by morning zephyrs and the singing brook in the meadow: we put our heads out of the windows or went out of doors, and viewed the beautiful morning sky and the dew-bright grasses, dancing leaves, nodding blossoms with their lovely tints, and the blue gleams of the river in the distance. Every day we viewed the landscape from new points of view, and made discoveries of the beauty all about us. Up stairs or down, in parlor or kitchen, we gathered from windows and doors the lovely sights and sounds. Gathering vegetables and preparing them was a fine opportunity to enjoy out of doors, especially picking and shelling peas and beans. The preparing of vegetables was done on the back porch, except shelling peas and beans, which we did in any place we chose."

"And was it a success?"

"A splendid success. So much so that Uncle Ruben and Ben tried it. We not only accomplished the usual amount of work in the usual time, but did more, and were not half as tired, and found it a pleasure instead of drudgery. Now I have made point second,—that as much as possible should be enjoyed every day while we are about our work, and so work itself made a pleasure.

"Point three is this: that it is the mental

attitude more than the work itself that tires. This was partially proved by point second, in taking time to enjoy nature instead of fixing the mind on the work every instant. While we were working, we employed our minds in various ways that were inspiring. While wielding the broom, we listened to nature's harmonies, and caught many glimpses of the beauty all about; when making beds, we inhaled many draughts of pure country air; when doing dishes, we chatted on some pleasant subject; and, when we took our sewing out under the trees, we talked a little or read a little, but we did no hard thinking, as our object was to become alive to the beautiful outside summer world and absorb all we could of it. But, really, more light came to me on subjects I had not understood in that quiet meditative way than I ever got by hard thinking. Picking berries in a shady place and weeding the flower garden were other ways in which I exercised my muscles and absorbed joy.

"Now, my dear, you see I have proved my theory: that it is the mind that builds the body and makes it stiff or flexible. Mental gymnastics are more potent than physical. Dull, disagreeable, dragging, and hurried thoughts create the same kind of feelings in the body, and contract the muscles or let them sag like worn-out elastic. And the joyous, peaceful thoughts tone up the muscles and make them as flexible as the mind. Life is harmony. Men have filled it with disorder and discord. This practice is simply living in the harmonies, which is the true life; and you enjoy true life accordingly."

For Every Other Sunday.

LETTER-WRITING. IV.

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

"HAVE you heard from Grace?" was Aunt Mary's greeting. "I have a letter from Lois, and I thought you would like to hear it."

"Do read it, aunty, and then you shall hear ours from Grace. That will be all right, won't it, papa?"

"My mother dear," read Aunt Grace, with a tender smile:

"We reached St. Louis Wednesday morning after a pleasant but uneventful journey. The only thing approaching to an adventure was a landslide in North Carolina, which detained us for just forty-eight minutes. I can give you the exact figures, for I looked at my watch when the train stopped. I thought we would have to wait for several hours; and it seemed almost incredible that a dozen or more of men could dig us out in that short time with only their spades and barrows to work with.

"The books which you were thoughtful enough to put into our bags helped to pass away the time. Grace was absorbed in 'The One who Looked on,' and I was amused by and interested in 'Mignon.' Suddenly it grew dark, and, looking up, we saw a tornado raging on the top of a distant mountain. The trees and telegraph poles seemed to fall before the wind like blades of grass before the mower. We could read no more with so interesting and unfamiliar a page from the book of nature open before us. It was very grand to watch the lightnings play on the distant mountain tops. We had a cloud-burst ourselves with hail, but the storm had spent most of its fury before it reached us. Some of the hailstones were as large as pigeon's eggs, and one of our car windows was cracked from top to bottom. I believe others on the train were broken, though I did not see them.

"I confess I was very much awed, but Grace was not a bit frightened. She flitted about the car, making every one laugh, as she always does, by her lively sallies.

"When we did reach St. Louis, Sarah and her husband gave us a cordial welcome. I like him

very much. He is not handsome. Indeed, his face is almost repulsive at first sight; but it improves upon acquaintance. When he talks, his eyes glow, and the whole countenance is transfigured. He has just been elected to the Senate, and his opening speech was reported at some length in one of the city papers. It is very interesting, and I will try to get a copy to send to Uncle Philip.

"Their house is very large and handsome. The entrance hall and lavatories are paved with marble. In the reception-room there is a real Turkish carpet, which Tom himself bought in Constantinople; and everything in the house is in the same luxurious style.

"I did not quite like it at first, not being accustomed to such luxury; but Sarah is as sweet and unspoiled as ever, and I am beginning to feel quite at home. Sarah is so short and her husband so tall that their heads are just on a level when she stands on the top of the library steps. She says she has to go up a ladder every time she kisses him.

"We will not be spoiled by our visit, mother dear; for we agree that we love the dear old homestead and the cozy little parsonage better than all these palatial Southern mansions.

"With love to all in both houses.

"Ever yours,

"Lois."

"Now," said the minister, "we know what really happened. I wish my Grace could write such a letter as that."

"But Lois is much older than Grace," said Alice, who could not bear to hear her favorite sister blamed for anything. "I do not think I would care to have her as grave as Lois is. As Maud says, hyperbole is a figure of speech. Why, it is essential to poetry, and the Bible is just full of it."

Here two of the parish committee, who had come to consult the minister about some important business, were announced, and his reply deferred indefinitely.

The variation of excellence among men is rather in degree than in kind. BANCROFT.

I USED TO KILL BIRDS.

I USED to kill birds in my boyhood,
Bluebirds and robins and wrens.

I hunted them up in the mountains,
I hunted them down in the glens.

I never thought it was sinful,—

I did it only for fun,—

And I had rare sport in the forest

With the poor little birds and my gun.

But one beautiful day in the springtime

I spied a brown bird in a tree,

Merrily swinging and chirping,

As happy as bird could be;

And, raising my gun in a twinkling,

I fired, and my aim was too true:

For a moment the little thing fluttered,

Then off to the bushes it flew.

I followed it quickly and softly,

And there to my sorrow I found,

Right close to its nest full of young ones,

The little bird dead on the ground!

Poor birdies! For food they were calling;

But now they could never be fed,

For the kind mother-bird who had loved them

Was lying there bleeding and dead.

I picked up the bird in my anguish,

I stroked the wee motherly thing

That could nevermore feed its dear young ones,

Nor dart through the air on swift wing.

And I made a firm vow in that moment,

When my heart with such sorrow was stirred,

That never again in my lifetime

Would I shoot a poor innocent bird!

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

How does the spring come? With many mischances.

Now the frost pricketh sore, then the sun glances;
Now the rain beateth down, then the snow fall-eth,

Nothing the cheery, brave springtime appalleth.
Bravely she smiles through the sombre chill weather,

Smiles on the blight and the promise together;
And, at the end of the long suffering,
All the world over is ruled by the spring.

How does the tide come? Not all in one rising,
Daunting the land and the heavens surprising;
Here a wave, there a wave, rising and falling,
Billow to billow still beckoning and calling,
Heaving, receding, now lower, now higher;
Now it is lower, and now it is higher;
Now it seems spent and tired; then, with insistence,

Gayly and strongly it comes from the distance,
Till, at the end of the plunge and the roar,
It is full tide, and the sea rules the shore.

The lines above, which the Editor has taken from another Sunday-School paper, *The Myrtle*, illustrate the slow but steady way in which the new spring comes in. About the middle of March we look for signs of birds and flowers, though they are often very few in New England, where this editorial is written. But hope springs constantly in the expectant mind, and what we want we look for. So, adopting the language of "Old Farmer's Almanac," we may say, "Look out for bluebirds, crocuses, and spring about this time."

The Editor wonders if Sunday-School teachers take advantage of this annual resurrection in nature. To be sure we are apt to have Flower Services and Children Sunday Exercises later, but there is a great opportunity for teaching some deep truths in the class work, before all this takes place.

What a miracle this is, the rising from apparent death to new and beautiful life! How patiently, as expressed in the poem above, is the final victory accomplished! Against stormy blasts and the return of winter, the sun and earth combine to lead in, at last, radiant June.

The wise teacher will always be on the watch for subjects of this kind to vary the monotony of text-book instruction. Children and young people readily give attention to a suggestive pictorial topic like this we have mentioned. The boy will proceed speedily from his thoughts of outdoor sports to the great reality behind the glory of spring.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE STARFISH.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

THE starfish is shown to have a complicated life, and many extraordinary ways of helping itself. On its back it bears about twenty-five thousand small jaws or hands, arranged in rings and bands. These attack fiercely any creature that molests the starfish. They seize and hold crabs and other creatures till they die. By their aid the starfish captures many animals for food; even quick, active fish of considerable size are surprised by these jaws, seized, held, and eaten.

No animal so low as the starfish has, until recently, been known to form habits—to learn to do things in a certain definite way. To test whether the starfish can do this, a number of specimens have been trained at the University

of California, in Berkeley, for a long time, to right themselves in certain definite ways. By this method, which was conducted by Prof. H. S. Jennings, who has been working with Prof. Jacques Loeb, it was found that the starfish very readily acquires what may be called temporary habits.

HOME STUDY CLUB.

ORIGINS.

1. What is the origin of the title "Carpet Knight"?
2. To what language do we trace the word "Hurrah"?
3. With what people is the observance of May-day said to originate?
4. What was the first significance of the phrase, "to see the lions of the town"?
5. What is the history of the use of three balls as the sign of pawnbrokers?
6. How did the word "hoodlum" originate?
7. What is the explanation of the term "Limerick" as applied to nonsense verses?

Answers

To questions published Feb. 2, 1908.

1. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.
2. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and James Russell Lowell.
3. Charles Dickens.
4. St. Valentine's Day.
5. Saint Valentine was a little-known saint of the third century. There is no possible connection between his story and the customary celebration of his day. It is thought this observance may be a survival of a pagan holiday sanctioned by the Church by changing its name.
6. Copernicus and Galileo.
7. In 45 B.C. the solar year was so arranged by Julius Caesar as to consist of 365½ days. This introduces, every four years, an extra day, which is placed at the end of February, giving that month 29 days once in four years.

LETTER-BOX.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Dear Editor,—We have solved the answers of the puzzles in the *Every Other Sunday*, Feb. 16, 1908, and they are enclosed.

We enjoy making out the puzzles, and thought that we would send you the answers this time.

We enclose you an enigma that we made up ourselves

Sincerely yours,

MARY RAYNER.
BARBARA C. BACH.

GREENFIELD, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I was pleased to see my name among those sending correct answers. I like to do the puzzles. I am almost eight years old. Here are my answers for next week.

Yours truly,
EMILY K. GRISWOLD.

ENIGMA XX.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 5, 4, 3, 2, is the greatest thing in the world.
My 7, 11, 12, 16, 13, is to linger.
My 14, 15, 10, 7, is lack.
My 9, 6, 1, is a personal pronoun.
My 8, 1, 9, 10, is a mineral.
My whole is an important event in the history of the United States.

MARY RAYNER.
BARBARA C. BACH.

ENIGMA XXI.

I AM composed of 10 letters.
My 8, 5, 6, is a metal.
My 8, 9, 10, is a weight.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is what mother does.
My 4, 5, 7, 4, is not low.
My whole is the name of a famous general.

KENNETH H. CASSON.

MORE BOYS' NAMES IN ANAGRAM.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 11. With sin. | 16. Ma, I will. |
| 12. I thy Tom. | 17. Mud den. |
| 13. A use. | 18. Red daw. |
| 14. In dew. | 19. Tan Jonah. |
| 15. Hot Sam. | 20. Wan red. |
- Young Days.

WORD SQUARE.

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. A flower. | 3. To travel by ship. |
| 2. By word of mouth. | 4. A girl's name. |
- S. S.

RIDDLE.

I'm a large collection of people
Of similar color and form.
Sometimes I am found in the Arctic,
Sometimes where the climate is warm.

I am also a test of the cunning,
And strength, of both children and men,
And prizes are gained in the contests
By winners again and again.

I am part of the power that makes useful
Full many a prosperous mill,
And without me the sound of the grinding
And whirr of the mill wheel were still.

Now try, little children, be earnest to try
To find what my real name may be,
That is part of mankind, and part of a mill,
And part of a game you may see.

The Myrtle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 12.

ENIGMA XVIII.—Every Other Sunday.
BIBLE ACROSTIC.—Deborah.
LETTER PUZZLE.—Washington.
CHARADE.—Crabbed.

We are much encouraged to be able to print the names of six who have sent answers to the Letter-Box. Better still, some of the answers were accompanied by original puzzles.

Here is the list: Julia May Stanly, South Carver, Mass.; Walter M. Steele, Cold Spring, Mass.; Miss Carrie F. Fiske, East Lexington, Mass.; Emily K. Griswold, Greenfield, Mass.; Mary Rayner and Barbara C. Bach, Wilmington, Del.

How absurd to try to make two men think alike on matters of religion, when I cannot make two timepieces agree.

CHARLES V.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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